



WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



Nº7

APRIL

IND



10¢

COMICS



# Presenting.. FUNNIEST AMERICA'S MAGAZINE!

*The LAUGHINGEST  
RIB-TICKLER THAT  
EVER HIT THE STANDS!  
And packed chockful  
of*

★  
**GIGGLES** ★  
★ **ROARS** ★  
★ **BELLY-** ★  
**LAFFS** ★

IT'S THE  
FUNNY-BONE  
OF THE  
CENTURY!

NO 7 APRIL  
**GIGGLE**  
**COMICS**  
10¢



*Reserve* **YOUR LAUGHS NOW!**  
**THEY'RE WAITING**  
*in*

# GIGGLE COMICS

**10**¢

BUY WAR BONDS  
AND STAMPS  
FOR VICTORY!

**ON ALL STANDS**

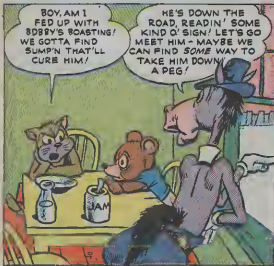
# BOBBY BRAGG



STEP UP, FOLKS --  
AND MEET THE ONE  
AND ONLY --

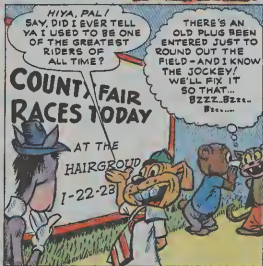
**BOBBY BRAGG!**

HE'S A GREAT MAN!  
HE'LL TELL YOU SO  
HIMSELF - BUT THERE'S  
MORE HERE THAN  
MEETS THE EYE --  
SO READ ON!



BOY, AM I  
FED UP WITH  
BERRY'S BOASTING!  
WE GOTTA FIND  
SUMP'N THAT'LL  
CURE HIM!

HE'S DOWN THE  
ROAD, READIN' SOME  
KIND O' SIGN! LET'S GO  
MEET HIM - MAYBE WE  
CAN FIND SOME WAY TO  
TAKE HIM DOWN!  
A PEG!



HIYA, PAL!  
SAY, DID I EVER TELL  
YA I USED TO BE ONE  
OF THE GREATEST  
RIDERS OF  
ALL TIME?

THERE'S AN  
OLD PLUG BEEN  
ENTERED JUST TO  
ROUND OUT THE  
FIELD - AND I KNOW  
THE JOCKEY!  
WE'LL FIX IT  
SO THAT...  
BZZZ...BZZZ...  
BZZZ...

**COUNTY FAIR  
RACES TODAY**

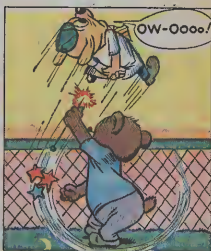
AT THE  
HAIRGROVE  
1-22-23



AN' WOTTA RIDER  
I AM! WHY, I COULD WIN  
THIS RACE JUST LIKE  
THAT! I'M A GREAT  
JOCKEY-- BLAH-  
BLAH---

THIS IS  
GONNA  
BE  
GOOD!

PSSS-t!



OW-Oooo!



GO!



HAW-HAW-  
LOOK AT HIM!  
HE'LL NEVER  
BOAST  
AGAIN!



EE-YOW!  
H-HELP!

I KNOW I'M  
JUST RUNNIN' FER  
THE EXERCISE, BUB-  
BUT DID THEY HAVE  
TO PUT SOMEONE  
LIKE YOU ON  
MY BACK?



HUM? IF YOU ONLY  
KNEW WHO YOU WERE  
TALKIN' TO, NAG-- THE  
BEST JOCKEY IN  
THE WHOLE TURNED  
WORLD-- THE  
FINEST--  
BLAH--

OH-HHH! I  
CAN'T STAND IT--  
I GOTTA GET  
AWAY FROM  
IT ALL!

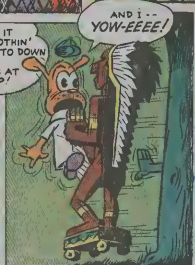
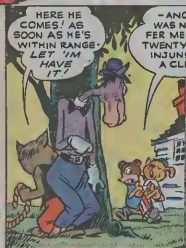


-- AND  
AFTER I WON  
6,643 RACES  
IN A ROW--

HAL-LUP!  
WON'T THIS  
EVER STOP?

MURRAH!  
WHAT'S GOT  
INTO THAT  
OLD PLUG?

HE'S  
WINNIN'  
THE  
RACE!





**CURING BOBBY'S A PROBLEM!**  
- So that night...

GOT IT? IT'S THE OLD HOUSE THEY'VE GOT THOSE CRAZY "HAUNTED" RUMORS ABOUT! THERE CAN'T BE ANY GHOST THERE, 'CAUSE WE KNOW THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THINGS! BUT BOBBY'S TOO DUMB TO KNOW THAT-- AND AFTER WE PUT HIM THROUGH THIS ONE HE'LL NEVER BOAST AGAIN!

GET READY! HERE HE COMES NOW!

--AND I WUZ JUST PASSIN' THE OLD HAUNTED HOUSE NEAR THE CEMETERY--WHEN I SAW--THE GHOST--! I RAN S-SO FAST THAT ---

OH--GHOSTS! TOO BAD I WASN'T THERE! DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT I WAS THE GREATEST GHOST HUNTER IN THIS STATE?

THEN PROVE IT! COME ALONG AND SEE HOW MANY GHOSTS YOU CAN NAB AT THE OLD HAUNTED HOUSE!

YOU CAN'T TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS ONE, BOBBY!

WHOO-000!

OH-HHH! I'M A SICK MAN, I TELL YA!

HUH? I JUST REMEMBERED-- I GOT ANOTHER APPOINTMENT--

NONSENSE! YOU'LL BE BETTER WHEN YOU FACE SOME REAL DANGER! THE KIND YOU LOVE!

GEE--I'LL BET YOU'RE NOT SCARED OF ANYTHING

AHEM! SPECIALLY NOT GHOSTS! THEY RUN WHEN THEY SEE ME COMING!

LEMME GO! I GOTTA SEE A DOG ABOUT A MAN--

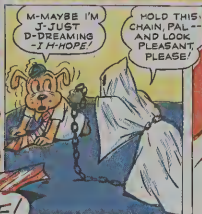
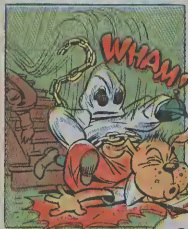
HERE WE ARE--AND IN YOU GO

AND MME SO YOUNG!

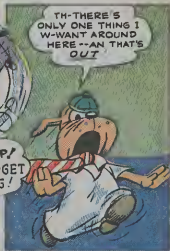
THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD

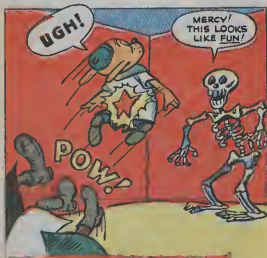
POST NO BILLS

BOO!

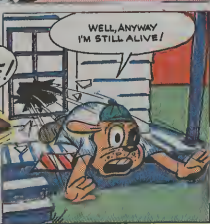


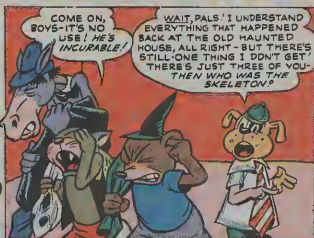
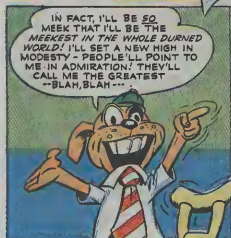






This shouldn't happen to a dog... but it's happening to BOBB!



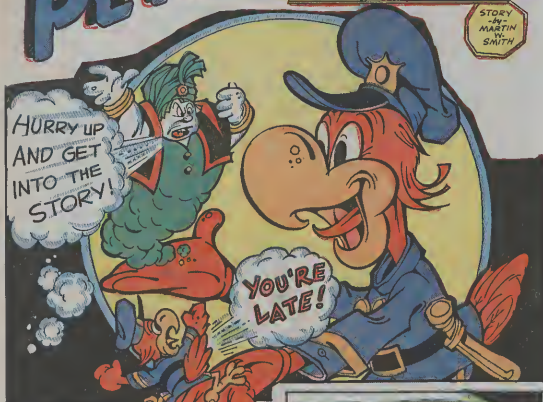


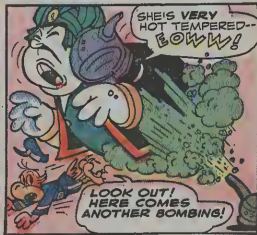
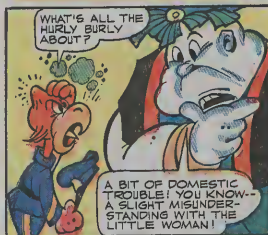
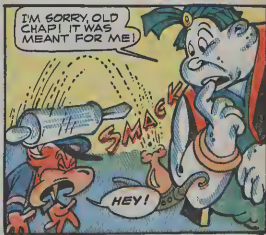
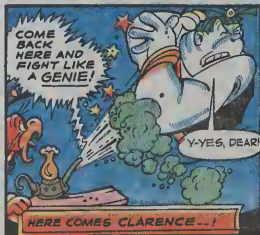


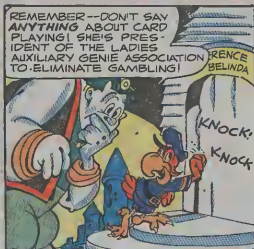
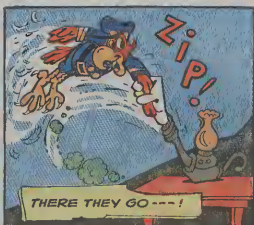
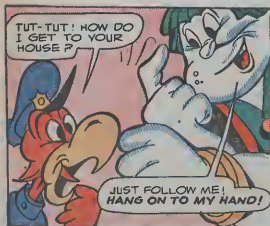
# PETE PARROT

ROOKIE POLICEMAN

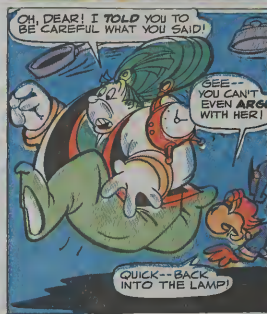
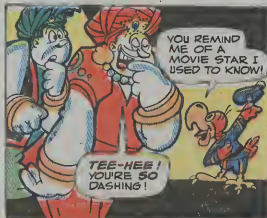
STORY  
by  
MARTIN  
W.  
SMITH

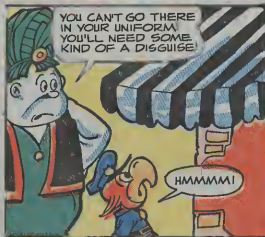
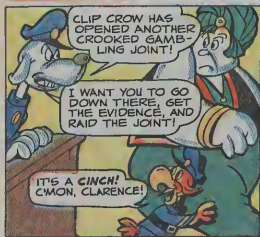
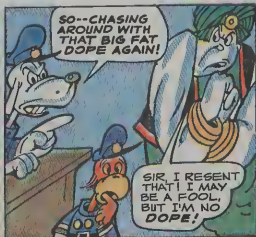


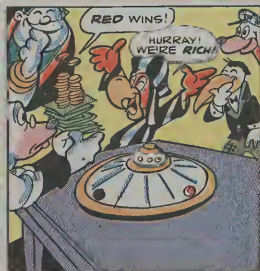
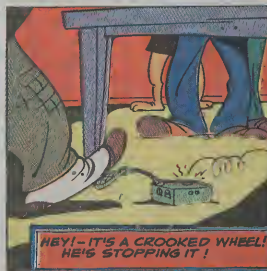
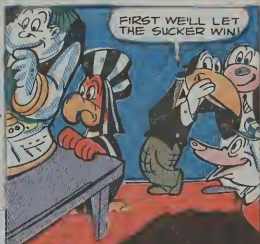




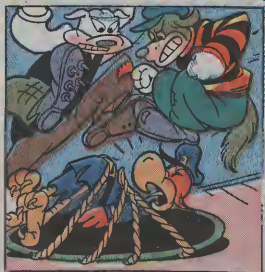
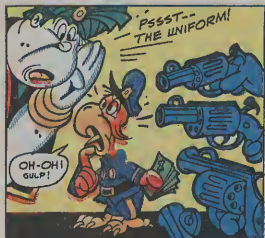
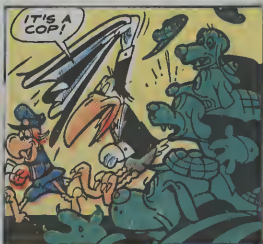


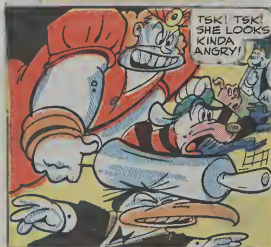
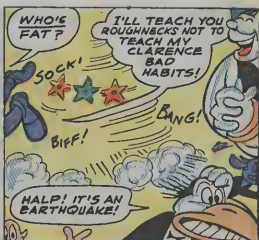






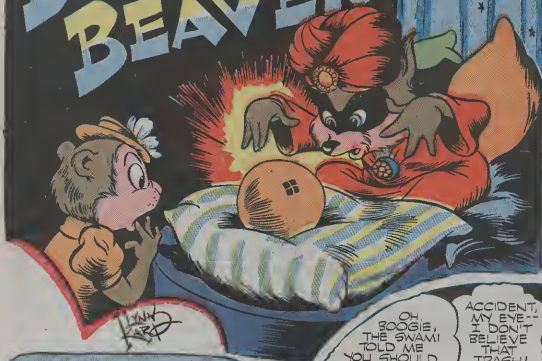






# BOOGIE BEAVER

CAN'T BE SCARED



EVERY TIME WE PASS  
THIS PLACE SHE HAS TO  
GAZE AT THAT CRYSTAL!  
I THINK I'LL GIVE HER  
A GOLDFISH BOWL FOR  
CHRISTMAS!



OH  
BOOGIE,  
THE SWAMI  
TOLD ME  
YOU SHOULD  
BEWARE OF  
AN ACCIDENT!

ACCIDENT,  
MY EYE -  
I DON'T  
BELIEVE  
THAT  
TRASH!  
LET'S GO  
HOME  
AND EAT  
DINNER!



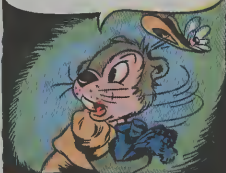


NOW, BOOGIE, THAT  
ISN'T TRASH! YOU  
BEWARE ~ SWAMI  
BADGER ISN'T  
A FAKE!

THE ONLY THING  
ABOUT THAT GUY  
THAT ISN'T A FAKE  
IS HIS TURBAN--  
AND THAT'S A  
TURKISH TOWEL!



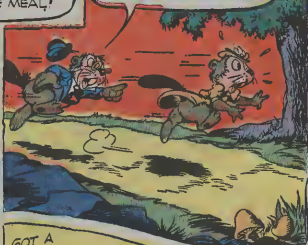
BOOGIE! ~ LOOK! IT'S--  
-IT'S A WOLF! THIS IS  
THE ACCIDENT THE  
SWAMI WARNED US OF!



I'M VERY FORTUNATE ~ RATION POINTS  
ALL GONE, AND HERE'S A FINE MEAL!



GET BEHIND THAT STUMP!  
I'LL FIX HIM!



--I'VE GOT MY TRANSIT  
WEATHER VANE, ENGINEER'S SLIDE  
RULE--AND--BETTY, WHERE  
IS MY PENCIL--BRING  
IT QUICKLY!



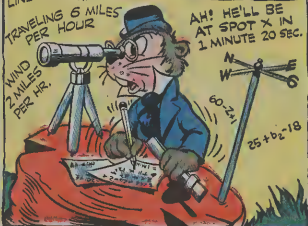
GOT A  
LINE ON HIM!

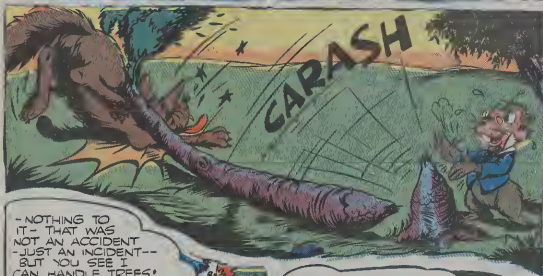
TRAVELING 6 MILES  
PER HOUR

WIND  
2 MILES  
PER HR.

AH! HE'LL BE  
AT SPOT X IN  
1 MINUTE 20 SEC.

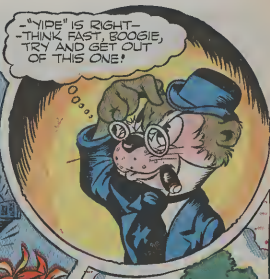
N  
W E  
S  
60-2-1  
25 + b<sub>2</sub>-18





-SAID -- YIPE! LOOK,  
BOOGIE--AND YOU CAN'T  
DROP A TREE ON THIS  
MONSTER!

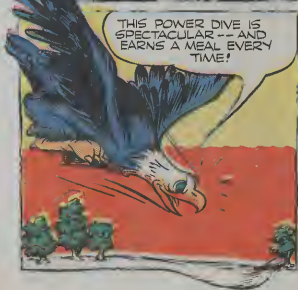
-"YIPE" IS RIGHT--  
-THINK FAST, BOOGIE,  
TRY AND GET OUT  
OF THIS ONE!



-I'VE GOT IT--STAY WHERE YOU  
ARE, BETTY!

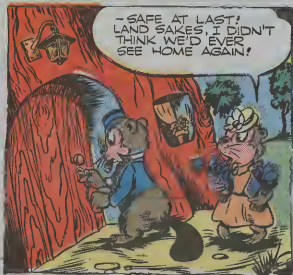
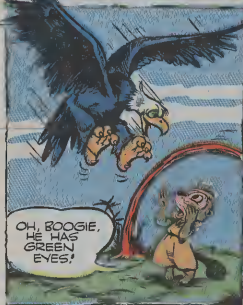


THIS POWER DIVE IS  
SPECTACULAR--AND  
EARNS A MEAL EVERY  
TIME!



DON'T MOVE, HE'LL DIVE ON YOU!





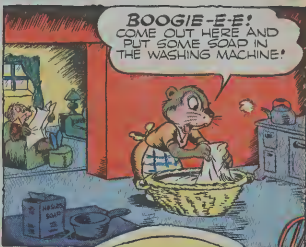


YOU KNOW, BOOGIE,  
THERE IS STILL A  
CHANCE THE  
SWAMI MAY BE  
RIGHT ABOUT AN  
ACCIDENT TO YOU!

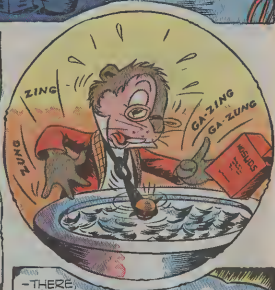
FORGET  
IT,  
A SWAMI  
JUST  
GUESSES!



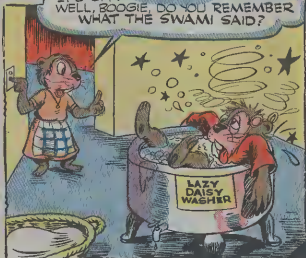
**BOOGIE-E-E!**  
COME OUT HERE AND  
PUT SOME SOAP IN  
THE WASHING MACHINE!



WHY, OF COURSE, DEAR, A SIMPLE  
TASK! I'M HAPPY TO BE OF SOME  
HELP TO YOU --



-THERE,  
IT'S OFF!  
WELL, BOOGIE, DO YOU REMEMBER  
WHAT THE SWAMI SAID?



# Dumb Donkey

MAYBE  
IF I EAT  
THESE  
BULBS, I'LL  
BECOME  
BRIGHT!

THE ADVENTURE  
OF THE  
VITAMIN  
THAT WASN'T!

SAY, BUDDY,  
DO YOU WANT  
A JOB?

YES, IF I GET  
7 DAYS OFF  
A WEEK!

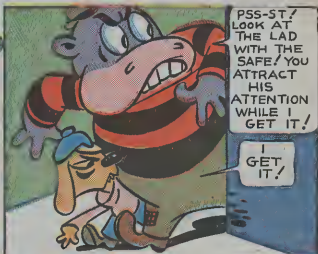
I'M  
VERY  
SMART!  
I WAS  
FIRST IN  
MY CLASS--  
READING  
FROM  
THE  
BOTTOM  
UP!

TAKE A  
SAFE TO MY  
LABORATORY!  
IT CONTAINS  
A MYSTERIOUS  
VITAMIN I'VE  
DISCOVERED!

THERE IT  
IS! DO YOU  
THINK YOU  
CAN CARRY  
IT?

SURE!  
I KNOW  
AN EASY  
WAY!

NOW ALL I'VE  
GOTTA DO IS  
STAND UP!





YOU SAP!  
I'LL SUE  
YOU FOR  
A MILLION,  
A BILLION,  
A TRILLION  
DOLLARS!

IS THAT  
MORE  
THAN A  
DIME?

NOW, THERE IS  
SUCH A THING  
AS "DUMB LUCK",  
AND OUR HERO  
IS DUMB.  
So



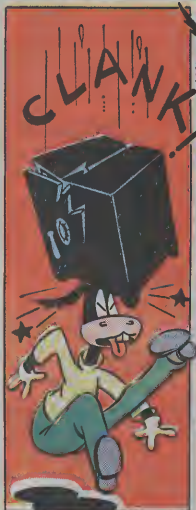
AHA!

I'VE  
PICKED  
UP THE  
TRAIL OF THE  
CROOKS!

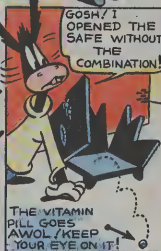


DROP  
THAT  
SAFE!

OKAY--  
IF YOU  
SAY  
SO!

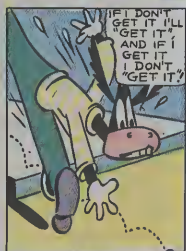


CLANK

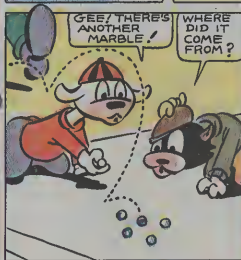


GOSH! I  
OPENED THE  
SAFE WITHOUT  
THE  
COMBINATION!

THE VITAMIN  
PILL GOES  
AWOL / KEEP  
YOUR EYE ON IT!



IF I DON'T  
GET IT I'LL  
"GET IT"  
AND IF I  
GET IT  
I DON'T  
"GET IT!"



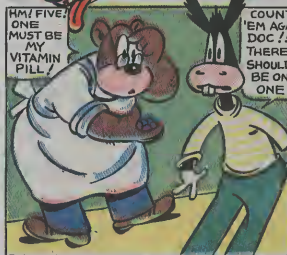
GEE! THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
MARBLE!

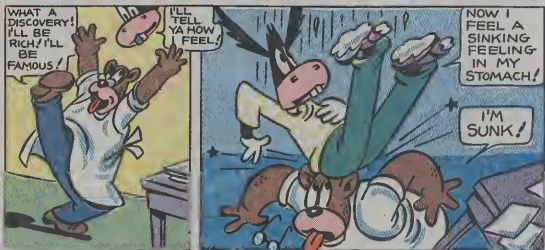
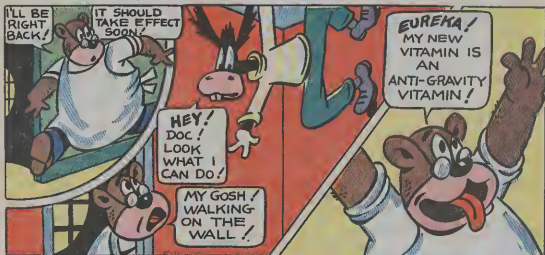
WHERE  
DID IT  
COME  
FROM?



I COUNT ONE  
AND GET 5.  
I MUST GO  
BACK TO  
SCHOOL!







# TOMMY TIGER

## LEARNS A LESSON



**T**OMMY TIGER had been born and brought up in Ratziland across the sea. He had been taught to obey orders without question, to look upon his Leader as all-powerful, and to scoff at democracy.

When his father, who was a soldier, was captured and brought to this country. Because he had no means of support, and because he had relatives in Animaltown, little Tommy was allowed to come over, too. But Tommy had been trained to hate liberty, and he made it clear to everyone that he hadn't come because he wanted to.

Hilda Hippo, his aunt, took Tommy in and cared for him. Little Harvey Hippo, his cousin, tried to be nice to Tommy, but it was a hard job. All Tommy wanted to talk about was how tough and powerful were the folks in the dictatorship countries, and how soft and weak the democracies were.

"Aw, never mind all that!" Harvey said. "Let's go out and get up a game of baseball!"

"Baseball!" sneered Tommy. "That just shows how you live! You waste your time playing games, when you should be drilling and marching. Your country can never win the war!"

Harvey shrugged and went out to play.

That afternoon Harvey's team won easily, and his pitching played the most important part in their winning. He was in a fine humor as he started home, smacking his baseball into his pitcher's mitt.

But as he opened the door of his house, Harvey realized something was wrong. His

mother should have been in the kitchen, preparing supper. Instead, the kitchen was empty, and there were no signs of food preparation at all. Harvey stepped to the parlor—and realized why!

His mother and little Tommy Tiger were standing in a corner, with their hands raised. Facing them was a tough-looking convict in a striped suit, holding a revolver! A second convict was ransacking the room for valuables.

Without a sound, Harvey gathered himself. A diving tackle brought the armed criminal to the ground hard, where his head cracked against the floor! He was out cold!

Terrified at the sudden, silent onslaught, the second convict dashed out the back door and fled.

Harvey leaped to pick up the baseball he had dropped. Seizing it, he ran to the door and took swift aim. A mighty pitch—and the ball crashed against the fleeing crook's head, felling him as though he had been hit with a hammer.

As Sheriff Barry Bear came to take the two thugs, who had been escaping from prison, Tommy looked at Harvey with a shamefaced grin.

"I—I'm beginning to think I was mistaken!" he said. "Where I come from, we work hard all day, drilling and marching, and learning to be tough! Here you play games that teach you how to be tough when you have to be—and you enjoy yourself while you do it!"

# HORATIO

## the SLEUTH

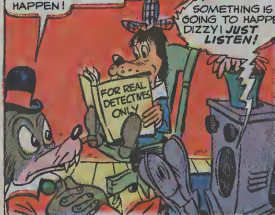
HEY! LOOK!  
THEY'RE WATCH-  
ING US!



HO HUM--THINGS ARE RATHER  
DULL! I'LL LOSE MY GIFT AS  
A GREAT DETECTIVE IF  
SOMETHING DON'T  
HAPPEN!

YEAH--ME  
TOO!

SOMETHING IS  
GOING TO HAPPEN,  
DIZZY! JUST  
LISTEN!



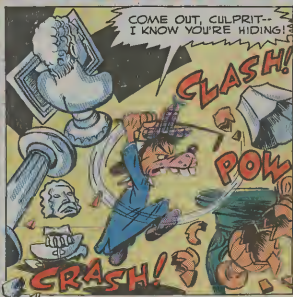
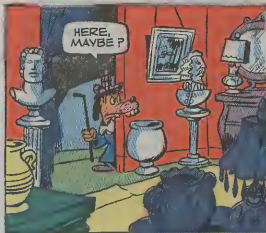
FLASH, FLASH, FLUSH---  
BUCK BEAR'S GENUINE  
FALSE TEETH HAVE  
DISAPPEARED! THAT'S  
WHAT I SAID--THEY'RE  
MISSING! ARE YOU A  
DETECTIVE? GET ON  
THE JOB!

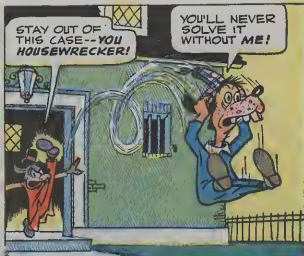
A CASE AT LAST  
FROTHINGHAM  
FOX IS ABOUT  
TO TAKE UP THE  
TRAIL!

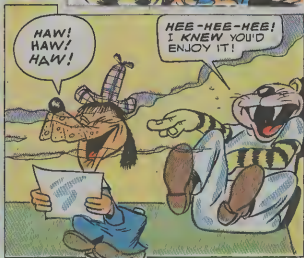
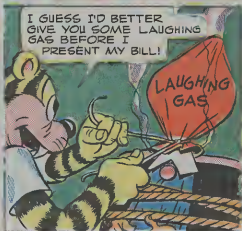
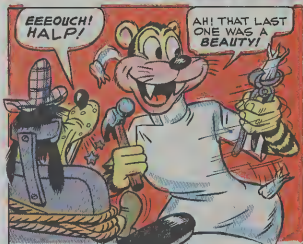


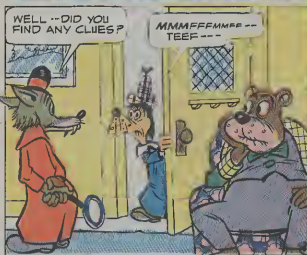
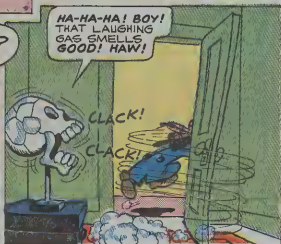
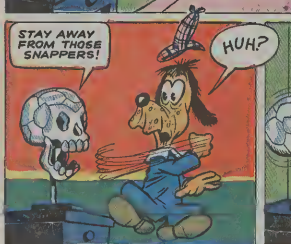
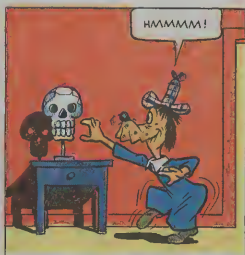
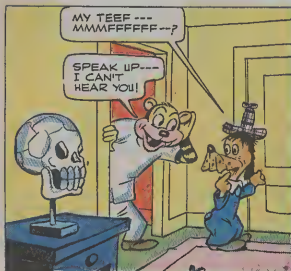
HURRAY! I  
LOVE A  
MYSTERY!



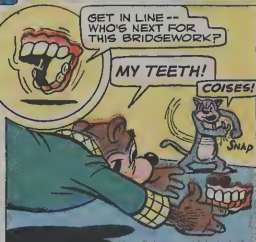
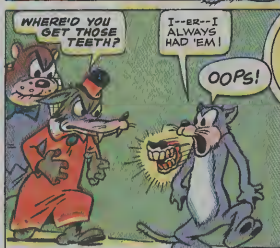












# TWO-GUN GILLY

BOY! I SURE AM HUNGRY!  
MAYBE THAT COWBOY WILL  
GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT!

— 84 —  
GEN LEVIN

BRRRR--AND  
THEY SAY HE'S  
HIDING OUT IN  
THESE PARTS!

WANTED  
DEAD OR ALIVE  
\$5000  
BLACK  
JACK  
REWARD

HEY, THERE,  
STRANGER!

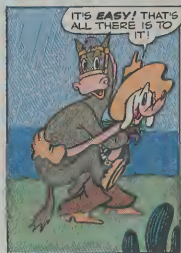
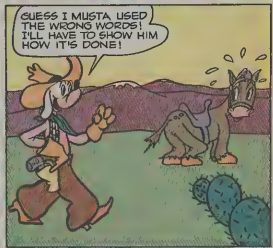
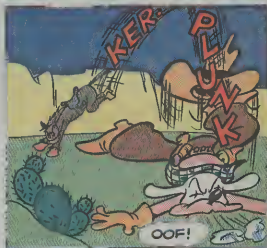
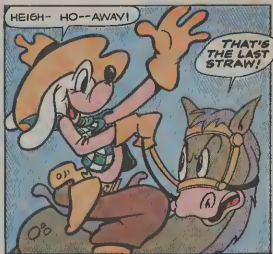
OH-HH!  
I'LL BET  
IT'S HIM!

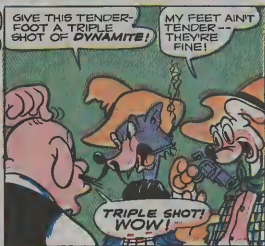
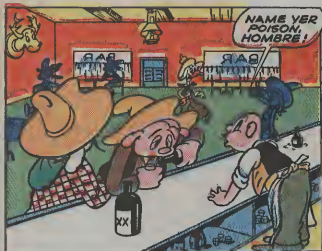
WANTED  
DEAD OR ALIVE  
\$5000  
BLACK  
JACK  
REWARD

NOW, WHAT'S  
THE MATTER  
WITH HIM?

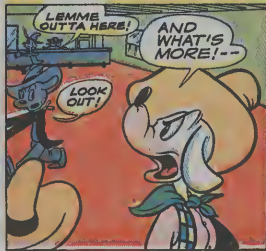
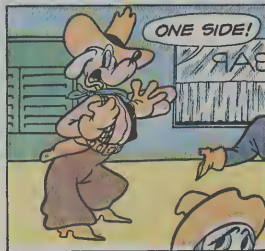
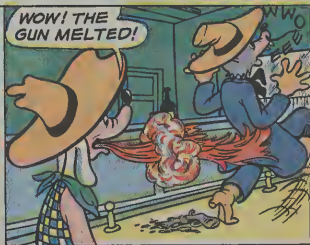
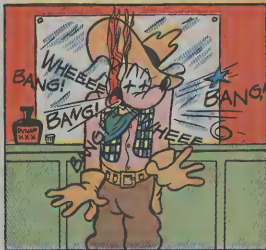
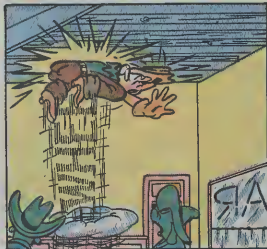
HMMMM--HE DON'T  
LOOK SO TOUGH! I  
COULD USE THE  
REWARD!

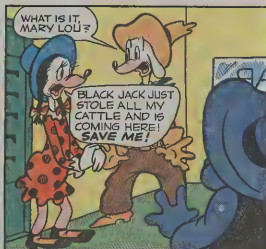
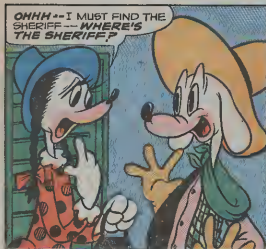
WANTED  
DEAD OR ALIVE  
\$5000  
BLACK  
JACK  
REWARD

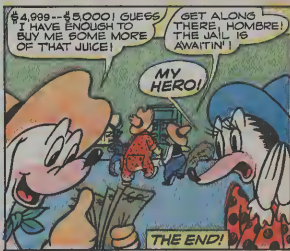
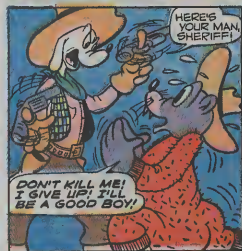
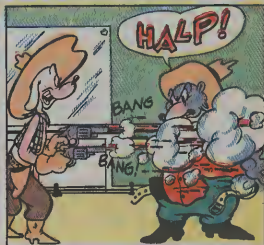
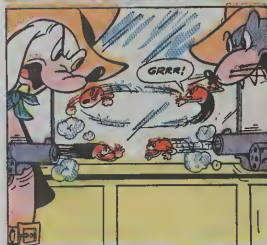
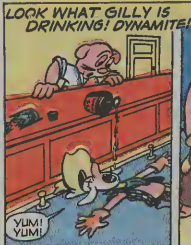












# MICKEY BECOMES A GIANT

AN EXCITING ANIMAL TALE  
...by...  
LLOYD HARTMAN



**L**ITTLE MICKEY MONK was so small that the other young animals always took advantage of him. If Bobby Bear felt like playing a practical joke, it was Mickey Monk who got the hot-foot. If they chose up sides for an exciting game of ball, Mickey was always the last to be chosen—or else left out altogether! If a big party was being held, like as not Mickey would not be invited.

Naturally, Mickey felt very badly about his size. He would have given anything to be as big and strong as young Leroy Lion, who was no older than he.

One day Mickey had a remarkable experience. He was walking through the woods alone, as usual—when suddenly the earth gave way beneath his feet! He found himself in a shallow pit which led into a little cave. And there in the cave he saw—a sack of gold!

"Golly!" murmured Mickey, his eyes like saucers. "Where could *that* have come from?" Then he remembered. "It must be the old pirate gold folks say was buried around here long ago! Yippee—I'm rich!"

Picking up the sack, Mickey started home exultantly. But unfortunately, he met Leroy Lion on the way.

"Whatcha got there?" asked Leroy.

"I found a sack of pirate gold!" Mickey told him excitedly. "I'm rich!"

"You mean I'm rich!" Leroy said with a nasty smile. "Gimme that gold—or I'll break your arm!"

There was nothing Mickey could do. He put down the sack and started off, only to say: "You may not know it, but my father was a gorilla! One of these days I'm gonna shoot up suddenly and get big and strong! Then you'll act differently!"

"G'wan, beat it!" snarled Leroy, and started counting the gold.

He was still counting it half an hour later when he heard the tread of heavy feet coming through the forest. He looked up—and his mouth dropped open.

There before him stood Mickey Monk—but how different! He loomed huge and terrifying—far bigger than Leroy could ever hope to grow!

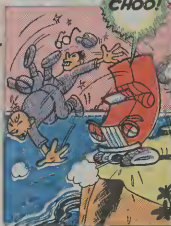
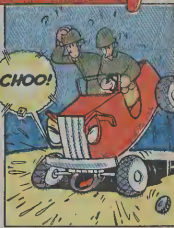
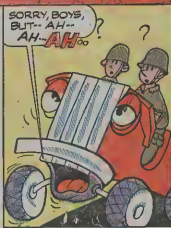
"HELP!" shrieked Leroy, and fled for his life!

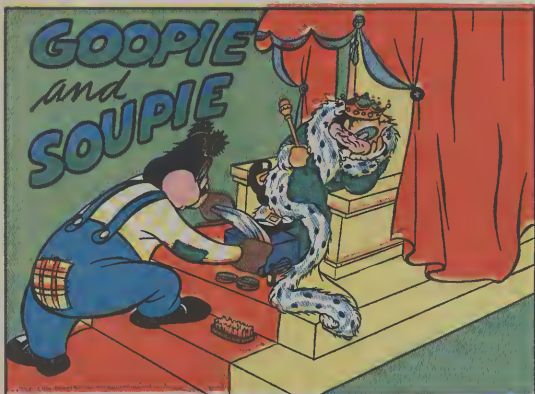
Holding on to a tree, little Mickey Monk managed to clamber down off the long stilts he had borrowed from his friend, the sign-walker with the circus.

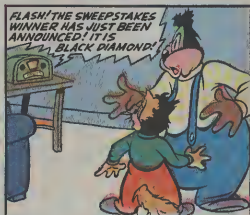
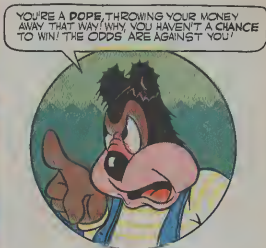
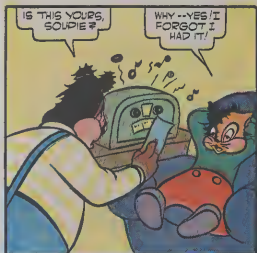
He smiled triumphantly as he picked up the gold. "If you can't be big," he said, "you gotta be smart!"

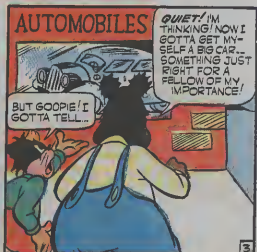
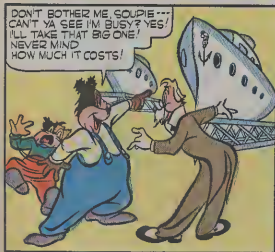
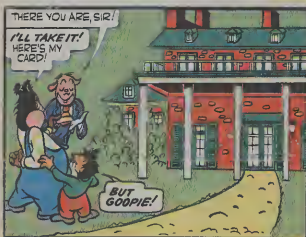
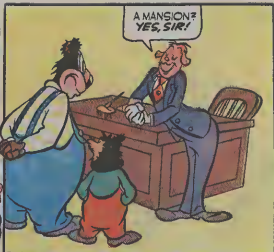


# JERRY the JEEP

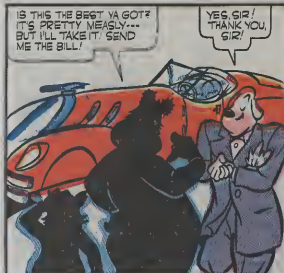


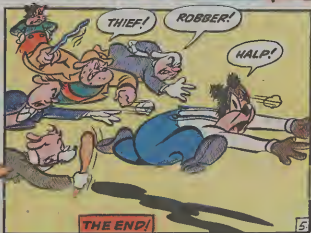
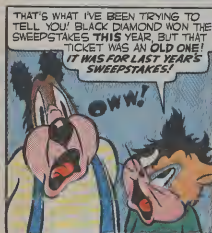
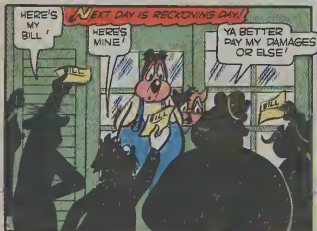
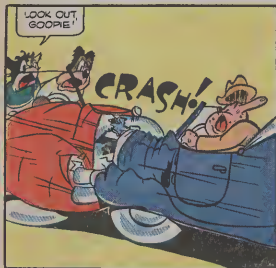












# RALPH ROOSTER CROWS AGAIN

A WOODVILLE STORY

...by...  
MORTON SCOTT



WHEN Ralph Rooster lost his voice it was a serious matter in Woodville. Ralph was the town crier; his ringing voice announced all important events—births, deaths, storms, fights, disasters—so that everyone in the village knew about them.

But now Ralph could blare out the news no more. His voice was gone!

When it first happened, he didn't realize it. He mounted the platform at the center of the town square to announce the arrival of a new duckling at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Danny Duck. He opened his mouth—and nothing came forth! He tried again—and still again. *Not a sound!*

A small crowd formed quickly. "What's the trouble, Ralph?" asked Sally Skunk.

Ralph shook his head in bewilderment. "I don't know!" he whispered. "My voice just went back on me—all of a sudden!"

They took Ralph to Doctor Drake, and he soon found the reason. A small pebble had become lodged right against Ralph's vocal cords, so that they couldn't vibrate and produce sound!

Doc Drake probed and probed, with every instrument he had, but he couldn't remove that pebble. Finally he said, "This really requires an operation, but it's rather dangerous, since I'll have to work very close to your windpipe!"

"Then I'd rather you didn't do it, Doc!" whispered Ralph. "I can do without my voice—but I can't do without my windpipe!"

So that was that. And the town had to find some new method of announcing important events. They finally solved the problem by setting up a bulletin board in the square. When any unusual occurrence took place, the bell in

the steeple would be rung to summon the townsfolk to the square, where they would read about it on the board.

But one day, something went wrong!

Bert Beaver came racing into town frantically. "The dam!" he shouted to Mayor Monk. "The dam burst! There's a flood heading this way! It'll destroy the whole town unless we get everybody out to dig ditches that'll lead the water off to one side!"

The Mayor sent Bobby Bear racing to the steeple, to have the bell rung, summoning everybody to the square. But nobody realized that the bell cord had been slowly rotting away, and now, at the first yank, it ripped off! There was no way to ring the bell!

The town was doomed!

Ralph Rooster said to himself, "I've got to get my voice back! I've just got to!"

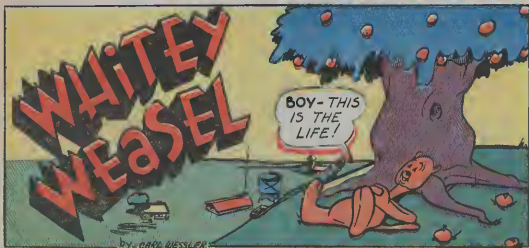
He leaped to the platform and filled his lungs. Then he made a mighty effort, letting go with everything he had. Not a sound came forth!

Ralph gathered himself once more, for a supreme attempt! He took a deep, deep breath, all the way down to the pit of his stomach. Then he forced it out, with every ounce of strength he could produce! AND THERE IT CAME—A GREAT CLARION CALL TO THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE!

His voice had returned; he had forced out the pebble!

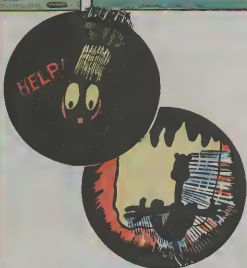
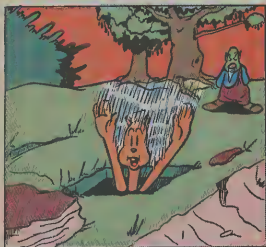
Everyone in town turned out quickly. They toiled mightily and dug two broad ditches—just in time! The flood roared down into the ditches, and harmlessly emptied into the lake below.

The town was saved!

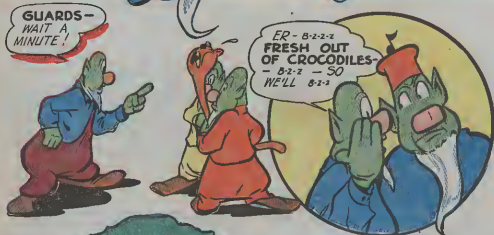












OH,  
DARN!

JUNIOR!

COMING,  
MOTHER!

WHAT TOOK  
YOU SO  
LONG, SON?

AW- I'VE GOT  
A WEASEL,  
MOM!

WEASEL-?  
BOYBOY!  
OBOY!

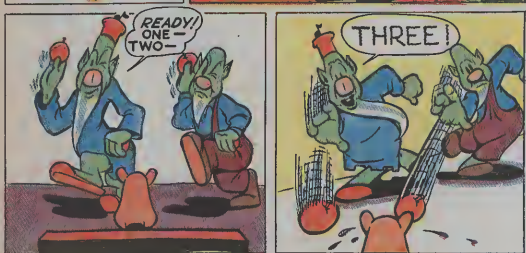
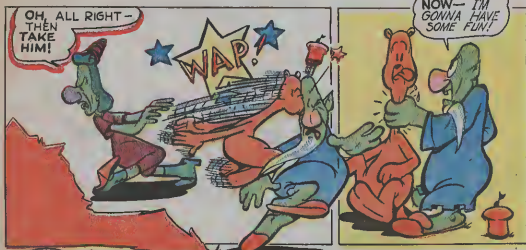
HEY!  
I SAW  
HIM FIRST!

I DON'T CARE-  
I JUST LOVE  
WEASEL  
STEW!

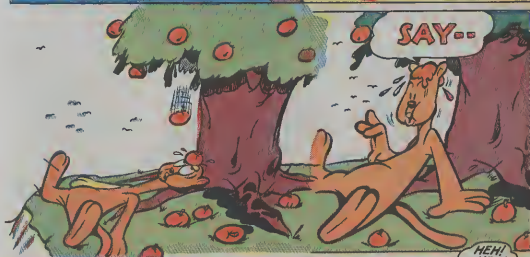
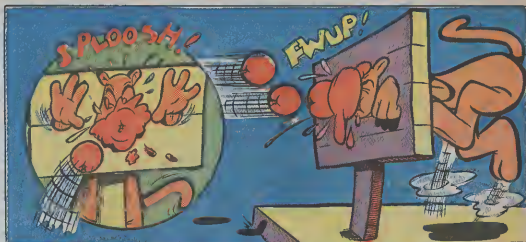
COME, JUNIOR.  
-GIVE HIM  
TO MOTHER!

NO- HE'S MINE,  
I TELL YOU!

HELP!







# REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

WOULD MARRY JIM IF  
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE  
FILTHY BLACKHEADS  
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB  
TO TALK TO  
HIM RIGHT  
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY  
VACUTEX FOR THOSE  
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT  
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB  
IT SOUNDS  
WORTH  
TRYING

JIM DARLING,  
HOW NICE AND  
CLEAN YOU  
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK  
VACUTEX  
FOR THAT,  
HONEY!



## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

**ONLY  
THREE  
EASY  
STEPS**

**UGLY  
BLACKHEADS  
USE  
VACUTEX**

ACTUAL  
LENGTH  
3 1/2"



**THEY'RE  
OUT!**

**RUSH  
COUPON  
Send No  
MONEY**

## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

**BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 3904  
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, 18, N. Y.**

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.  
☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

